







# DAILY COURIER.

SUNDAY MORNING. — MARCH 1, 1865.

## THE NEWS.

The Ohio Legislature proposes to pay a visit to Lexington, Ky., it has few days.

In the Massachusetts House, Friday, p. w. the liquor license bill was refused a third reading by a vote of 160 to 61.

Two states aged 15 and 16 years, named Col. Lewis, living in South Greenland, Mass., were born Saturday. Wednesday morning, he was breaking through the ice while attempting to cross a brook.

Ex-PRESIDENT PIERCE expresses the opinion that the prospects of the Democrats for carrying that state are better than they have been for many years.

The Maryland Court of Appeals has received the decision of Judge Andrew regarding the trustees of the "National Express Company." They are decided to be good trustees and are entitled to their fees.

The case of Seward & Woods, at Baltimore, Howard County, was heard on Wednesday night, involving a loss of several thousand dollars, or there was no insurance of \$4,000. Supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Gen. Meigs, in his annual address, has thrown the charges of misadministration not being sustained before the military committee by sufficient evidence, the case is dismissed.

The AMBASSY in the Bishop Campbell will be closed on Saturday, March 1, from 12 to 1 o'clock, except for a few guests, of whom Gen. George G. Meigs, Dr. John H. Robinson and Mr. W. C. W. H. Adams, will be present.

The BODKIN block, at the corner of Ford and Carolina Streets, Greenwich, N. Y., was burned down Saturday evening, leaving the two houses of the residence in the rear. The sufferers were Messrs. Woods, Bromley, Coe, Bradfield & Hobart. Monteagle, Atwater, Storck, and Clark & Walker, hardware. Total loss \$25,000; insurance \$14,000.

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,

He's passing, he's passing, he's passing, he's supported and strengthened, and cleared and ex-  
alivated.

Behold, behind him, the bright shore is gained:

The larger walls glisten, the gates open wide,

The golden trumpet sounds, welcome indeed!

So entered he with his friends, his friends!

A bright immortality over to sped!

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN G. SCHWAN.

The following lines were composed on the death of our aged and venerable father, John G. Schwandt, who died on Saturday evening, March 1, in his home and with his family at the same quiet residence where he had resided for 60 years.

"He fell asleep in his bed, his spirit went with him, his eyes closed, his heart open, wide.

A silver-painted pilgrim steps into the tide,

The joyful, the transport, the rapture, the bliss,

The bittersweet sighs, he's entering the shore,